

## UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN.

An Evening Daily by the Students in the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri.

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University Missourian Association (Inc.)  
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## HE GAVE HIS LIFE IN VAIN.

This old world of ours had seen many a brave young fellow, and many an older one, too, who have feared only to be afraid. Privations almost too great for human endurance, dangers to make one quail who was not of the sternest fibre, all have met their masters in men of rugged mind, whose determination could not be made to flag, whose spirits scorned to weaken. Death in its grisliest forms has been faced and conquered by stout-hearted heroes it has sought to touch.

To all the brave men who have lived and died we offer tribute. Yet what can we say that will brighten the wreaths of true manhood that glisten upon their brows? Nobility of character is its own best acknowledgment. A hero's contribution to humanity is his own best epitaph.

Yet even among these, the highest placement go to a few—not to those who overcame the specters in the path, but those stern-willed ones who sought out the monsters that have lain in wait for human prey, and fought them in their lairs, those who have gone out of their way to struggle for their fellows. Such a one was the Gary newsboy. His name? Ah, what matters that? Few indeed will remember his name, but the imprint of his deed is a permanent part of the race, not to be obliterated by time, nor smeared over by a thousand acts of selfishness.

No ordinary human motive stimulated the Gary newsboy. No throng stood by watching him. None required him, none expected him to offer himself as a sacrifice. Far from carrying out a deed thrust upon him, his humble spirit sought out his destiny, drawn by the moans of the burned girl whose life the physicians promised in exchange for a few square inches of skin. What a priceless thing for her—and for him. "I won't miss my crippled leg much anyway," he told the doctors. "I might as well give it when it will do someone some good." And after the operation he died.

And now the girl is dying, too,—dying from the shock of learning how complete the sacrifice had been. She hadn't wanted his life in exchange for her. But the Inexplicable Power had so decided, and the Reaper will garner two souls instead of one.

A life wasted? No. Far more was at stake than the life of one girl, precious as it may have been. Who will presume to say how much it was worth to the race to have such an example set before it, to know that one of its members was equal to his opportunity, to realize the heights to which the soul may aspire?

## BRYCE'S AMERICAN SPIRIT.

Ambassador James Bryce will no longer be the diplomatic representative of Great Britain to the United States. His official resignation has been announced. Several reasons have been put forth for his retirement from official life. It may be that he has not always pleased his home government in his negotiations with this country's representatives in Washington. However that may be he is growing old, and the duties of his office are becoming exceedingly weighty, especially with the Panama canal controversy about to come up for consideration. It is known he has wanted more time for his literary work, which has engaged his attention for a number of years.

The American government, especially its many officials who have their headquarters in Washington, will seriously miss Ambassador Bryce. He is recognized as a leading authority on American life, social and economic conditions. The advice of this versatile Englishman has influenced

many pieces of legislation that adorn American statute books today. American legislators and other officials advised freely with James Bryce. He was always ready to offer information at his hand, and he has always been dominated with the spirit of the country and with an earnest wish for its best welfare. This country loses a valuable "citizen."

## FOR BETTER FARM LIFE.

It is good to note that courses will be given to the short course students with the purpose of bettering the social life on the farm. Lectures in rural recreation will be given by Mr. O. F. Field to his class in physical training.

It is probable that our rural life does not need so much economic betterment as it does social betterment. Most farmers are well-to-do as far as worldly goods go, but often the social life is very dull, even in the wealthiest rural communities. While the automobile has done much to remedy the social condition, it cannot do enough. The social life of the farmer must be centered in the rural districts and not carried to the city. Recreation must be found by the farmer in his rural environment.

The great thing that is needed in rural life is virile social life for the young persons. When this is obtained the flow of young men to the cities will be stopped and farm life will become what it ought to be, the best and happiest of all lives.

## MISSOURI WEATHER.

Have you ever met the man who says that Missouri weather is the worst in the United States? He is ever present in the fall and the spring. The same man says that he knows it will be so cold that no person can stand it this winter while last spring he said every thing and every body would burn up.

When the first frost appears on the brown leaves in the creek bottoms and low places in the fall, he begins to make preparation to go South. In the spring when the sun begins to rise early and a warm south wind "blows up" in the afternoon, he begins to think of the cool Northern breezes.

The "weather crank" never stops to consider the kind of weather that Missouri really has. In fact some of them never stay to see for themselves. They see only the bad weather, read only the accounts of the bad weather that is coming and think only about going on a "visit" when the weather is bad.

If the man who is never pleased with the weather would stop to think that not one football game has been stopped by the weather man, the attendance at mass meeting has never been small on account of a rain storm, the wind has never been strong enough to blow his evening paper away and only once or twice has the moon been hid by clouds this fall, he would be at a loss for an answer. But he does not do this—he will say "Why, it rained all day last Tuesday and the farmers could not get out to vote."

Stop for a minute and think of the good weather that we had last spring—and it wasn't so hot at night last summer. Isn't the "crank" wrong when he says that Missouri weather is the worst?

## Executive Board Meeting.

The Executive Board of the University of Missouri will meet here tomorrow night and Saturday morning.

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## IN WHICH GROUP DO YOU BELONG?

## The Blue Boy Divides His Visitors—The Camera Stage, the Historical Stage, the Stage of "Gush," and Lastly Appreciation.

The Blue Boy stood respectfully with bared head opposite the Countess of Mexford. There was a quizzical half-smile on his lips and his eyes were bright and rather teasing as he noticed the loosely clasped hands and general air of resignation about the countess. You see, the Blue Boy was very young; not that the countess was old, but then she had seen more of the world and her experiences had been more varied than those of the boy.

The boy heard a sigh and then her weary voice, "It's dreadful to have to sit in this position for generation after generation and never be able even to change your expression when some old critic says something unpleasant about you or another praises your beauty. I wish John Hoppner had never painted me."

"Oh," said the Blue Boy, "You should have been painted in a gay mood. It is great to be able always to look on the world with a smile. But I do sometimes wish Sir Thomas Gainsborough had made me a statue instead of a mere dash of blue paint on a piece of canvas."

"Ah, little Blue Boy, you wouldn't want to be a statue very long." The boy and the countess were startled. It was a new voice, soft and musical yet with a dignity and coldness that made them shiver. They could not turn their heads but the countess was already facing that way and her hair almost stood on end when she saw that it was Venus talking. Venus was a life-size statue and the countess had often envied her beautiful smiling face. She wondered impatiently what this goddess could have to complain of.

"You may be just painted upon a flat surface," continued Venus in her hard sweet voice, "but at least it is in warm and beautiful colors. I am always cold. And then my whole clothing and body are of the same material and color. I heard an artist say that not the thousandth part of the details of the human body and its clothing could be represented in the materials of sculpture."

"I suppose we all have our troubles," sighed the Countess of Mexford. "But you live here and do not have to travel about from one exhibit to another and have ignorant people criticize you and stare at you. I might be satisfied if people would only learn to appreciate art."

"Perhaps your mission may be to teach them to appreciate it," suggested the Blue Boy.

"Shh." It was like a chilly wind and both the countess and the Blue Boy shivered. Venus gave the warning. She had heard human voices. A professor of art was bringing his class to see the pictures. They stopped between the Countess of Mexford and the Blue Boy.

"These exhibits are an education in themselves," said the professor, as he let his gaze travel from one picture to another in loving appreciation.

"Most great artists have told stories with paint. But it is hard for us to put into words the meaning of a picture. We should train the eye and mind to understand the language of art itself; a language whose elements are lines and forms, colors and masses of light and shade. We need to study these elements both in nature and in art and observe how the artist adapts these parts of nature to his artistic purpose. Just as a writer selects his words and groups them to his liking, so the painter selects, arranges and composes the constituents of beauty which he finds in nature, to something new and original, into a work of art that is based on nature. However it must necessarily be different since a flat surface is used to suggest nature in its three dimensions. We should look therefore, at a painting for its own unique beauty of spacing, charm of color or its harmony of all the parts which compose a work of art."

"Almost anyone can obtain accuracy of line, but the harmonies in

line which have delighted generations after generations of the civilized nations have been achieved only by true artists.

"Color too, must seem natural; but if the artist brings in all the jarring notes of nature, the picture is too spotty, there is lack of unity and it is too complicated. Not all the combinations of color in nature are beautiful. In a picture they should be. For instance, look at Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy' here. Did you ever see as much blue in nature as there is in this? And yet in the picture it looks natural and makes the painting as a whole beautiful and harmonious."

"In order to appreciate pictures it is necessary to study nature, her varied forms, her colors, her lights and shadows and the proportions and relations of objects. And since the artist omits much that is visible in nature and puts in things that one does not see in nature it is necessary to study art—the best that has been done by the world's artists."

"The various branches of painting are entirely distinct. A portrait," and the professor pointed to the Countess of Mexford, "is as different in method and purpose from a genre painting as an epic poem is different from a drama. The art of landscape differs as widely from that of mural decoration as the art of fiction differs from that of lyric poetry. To form correct judgments about pictures one must understand something of the difference between the purposes, the problems and the methods of the portrait painter, the figure painter and the landscapist. The portraitist pays especial attention to just those things which the layman should observe in real people and in their portraits, and strives to interpret human character. The purpose of the genre painter is the interpretation of life; the mural decorator adorns the walls of public or private buildings; and the landscapist translates outdoor nature. Every painter must strive to make his work of art beautiful in harmony of color, in line and in composition."

"The proper study of art," continued the professor as he led the class from one picture to another, "is through the works of art. We should take advantage of every opportunity to see original works. It is usually helpful to look at a picture at close range for the sake of its brush work, its drawing and its general workmanship as well as at its proper distance to get the total effect sought for by its maker. The better the picture, the more often one can return to it and find some new and more satisfying beauty."

The voice became fainter as the professor of art and his students went farther back in the room. The afternoon sun suddenly sent a brilliant beam through the window behind Venus and let it fall softly across the countess. Her air of resignation was gone. Her lips half parted in a smile and she gave a little tremulous sight of pleasure. The eyes of the Blue Boy too, seemed even brighter and happier than usual. Only the goddess retained her cool and classic smile. The warm sunlight touching her snow-white cheek and shoulder seemed only to accentuate her coldness and aloofness. Even a snow lady would have melted under such a warm and loving sun. The Blue Boy was sorry for her, but he was too considerate to say he had been painted in real warm colors that would reflect the sunlight instead of being made of cold heavy marble.

"I think after all that the people of the newer generations are learning to appreciate real art," said the countess softly.

"You know," began the Blue Boy with his whimsical smile, "I heard some one say the other day that there were different stages of art appreciation. The first is the amateur photographer and collector of post cards.

(Continued to page 3.)

## Echoes of Yesterday.

## Five Years Ago.

Plans were being made for an Old Fiddler's Contest to be held at the opera house. A twenty-dollar gold piece was to be given to the winner.

## Ten Years Ago.

The Columbia Charity Association met to elect officers and directors and arrange work for the year.

## Twenty Years Ago.

Two pictures contrasting educational methods in Boone County were being made for the St. Louis World's Fair. One was the old log school house, the other a modern public school building.

## Forty Years Ago.

The first paper owned and edited by women was founded in St. Louis. It was the "Inland Monthly."

## MUSIC AT ASSEMBLY TODAY.

Professor Pommer Directs Program of Vocal and Instrumental Numbers.

A musical program was given this morning at the University Assembly, under the direction of Prof. W. H. Pommer. The program was as follows:

Piano solo: Fantasie, Impromptu—Chopin. F. W. Pirkey.

Soprano solo: Spring Song—Chaminade. Miss Allene Beauchamp.

Violin solo: Meditation, from Thaïs.

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Tenor solos: (a) A Promise Me—DeKoven. (b) Golden Eyes—Woodforde-Flinden. Horace F. Major.

## Scientific Association to Meet.

The social science section of the Scientific Association will meet in the zoology lecture room at 7:30 o'clock Saturday night. After the election of a chairman, Dr. N. M. Trenholme will speak of the new history and education.

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